For: Sir, I am deeply in loue with one *Fords* wife
of this towne. Now ſir *Iohn* you are a gentleman of
good diſcourſing, well beloued among Ladies, a man
of ſuch parts that might win twenty ſuch as ſhe.
Fal: Oh good ſir.
For: Nay beleeue it ſir *Iohn*, for tis time.
Now my loue is ſo grounded vpon her,
That without her loue I ſhall hardly liue.
Fal: Haue you importuned her by any meanes?
Foord: No, neuer ſir.
Fal: Of what quality is your loue then?
Foord: Ifaith ſir, like a faire houſe ſet vpon
Another mans foundation.
Fal: And to what end haue you vnfolded this to me
For: O ſir, when I haue told you that, I told you all:
For ſhe ſir ſtands ſo pure in the firme ſtate
Of her honeſty, that ſhe is too bright to be looked
Againſt: Now could I come againſt her
With ſome detection, I ſhould ſooner perſwade her
From her marriage vow, and a hundred ſuch nice
Tearmes that ſhee'l ſtand vpon.
Fal: Why would it apply well to the veruenſie of
your affection,
That another ſhould poſſeſſe what you wold enioy?
Me-thinks you preſcribe very prepoſterouſly to your
ſelfe.
For: No ſir, for by that means ſhould I be certain
of that which I now miſdoubt. (mony,
Fal: Wel M. *Brook*, Ile firſt make bold with your
Next giue me your hand. Laſtly, you ſhall
If you will, enioy *Foords* Wife.

Ford:

Foord. Oh good ſir.
Fal. Maſter *Brooke*, I ſay you ſhall.
For. Want no mony Sir *Iohn*, you ſhal want n
Fal. Want no miſtris *Foord*, maſter *Brooke*,
You ſhall want none. Euen as you came to me,
Her ſpokes mate, her go betweene parted from m
I may tell you M. *Brooke*, I am to meete her
Betweene eight and nine, for at that time the ieal
Cuckally knaue her husband will be from home
Come to me ſoone at night, you ſhall know
How I ſpeed, M. *Brooke*.
Ford. Sir, do you know *Foord?*
Fal. Hang him poore cuckally knaue, I know h
And yet I wrong him to call him poore. For the
Say the cuckally knaue hath legions of Angels,
For the which his wife ſeemes to me well fauou
And Ile vſe her as the key of the cukally knaues
Coffer, and there's my randeuowes.
Foord. Me-thinks ſir it were good that you kn
Foord, that you might ſhun him.
Fal. Hang him cuckally knaue, Ile ſtare him
Out of his wits, Ile keepe him in awe
With this my cudgell: it ſhall hang like a meato
Ore the wittolly knaues head, M. *Brooke* thou ſha
See I will predominate ore the peaſant,
And thou ſhalt lye with his wife. Maſter *Brooke*,
Thou ſhalt know him for knaue and cuckold,
Come to me ſoone at night.
Exit Falſtaffe.
Foord. What a damned Epicurian is this?
My wife hath ſent for him, the plot is laid: